WORLD

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Circulation Books Always Open.

LABOR'S GREAT DAY.

Labor may well be proud of the demon stration being made by its organized bodies in New York to-day. Not in numbers alone, but in the self-respecting appearance of those who take part in the procession and their orderly conduct as well, the parade is an

honor to the workingmen of the metropolis. It is gratifying to know that the interest in this holiday of the toilers is increasing everywhere, and that in the surrounding cities of Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark and Paterson. as well as in far-away places, the day promises to be observed with greater unanimity and enthusiasm than on any former occasion.

All honor to the day and to the patient, devoted toilers to whose fidelity and usefulness it is a tribute. And all honor to the labor organizations which have worked so zealously and successfully to protect Labor, to make its combined power respected and to generally secure the concession of its just

STUYVESANT PARK ON SUNDAY.

The people of the east side completely filled Stuyvesant Park last evening, and the want of more benches was made evident. It is said that the Park Commission has already ordered additional benches, so that a greater number of people will soon be able to rest while enjoying the cool air.

The conduct of the Sunday crowds in the park prove how valuable a concession its opening was to the residents of the neighborhood and how mistaken Mr. JACKSON SCHULTZ was in his belief that to let the common people" into the grounds after 6 o'clock would be to drive all the "uncommon" people sway by exhibitions of immorality. If Mr. JACKSON SCHULTZ had taken a dark lantern and searched every nook and corner of the park last evening he would have failed to discover any evidence in support of his idea. But he would have found plenty of men, women and children enjoying their new privilege, and perhaps might have stumbled over one or two couples seeking the way to matrimony through the shady walks of the park.

THE LION'S BOAR.

Mr. CLEVELAND has stirred up the British lion, and its roar comes echoing through the cable to the amusement, not to the terror, of our citizens. The Standard, the high Tory organ, begs the President to remember that Canada has English iron-clads behind her guns, and to remind him of the Trent affair. The Government organ adds that if England has to deal with a nation of filibusters she

The British Government is not discreet in making allusion to the Trent incident. At the time of the affair in the Bahama Channel the United States was convulsed by civil war and not in a condition to court a difficulty with a foreign power. England's sympathy with the Confederacy and her cowardly desire to take advantage of our national troubles prompted her to pursue a bullying course from which she would shrink at any other time. If the seizure of Mason and SLIDELL had taken place yesterday the gallant Capt, WILKES, with a Demo cratic Administration at Washington to back him, would have seen a different termination of "the Trent affair."

England made no blustering demonstration when the mild and meaningless "retaliation" agreed to by the Senate was substituted in 1887 for the vigorous measure then proposed by President CLEVELAND'S Administration. But now that the President insists on a renewal of his first proposition, in view of the failure of the treaty, the old lion utters her ridiculous roar. It certainly will not frighten a Democratic administration.

A BROOKLYN LOVE TALE.

Many a tale of love comes from the fair and pious city of Brooklyn. But just now the people of that city of churches and affinities are interested for the second time in what may be called a pigtail of love.

About a year ago a wealthy middle-aged lady residing on the "Heights" bestowed her hand, heart and bank account on an almond-eyed celestial and tied herself to his pigtails for life. Now an interesting Brooklyn young lady, Miss Annie Tuttle, has plighted her troth to a copper-colored laundryman in that city. ANNIE is the daughter of a well-to-do widow, and has been brought up in luxury and well educated. She made the acquaintance of " washee" at her Sundayschool, and his plety, even more than his pigtail, won her admiration. In vain her mother and sisters protest against what they call her insane infatuation. Annie is set on marriage, and as she is of age, she claims the right to choose for herself, and expresse confidence that her married life will be as smooth as the collars her beloved "washee" turns out to his customers.

The Chinaman is going back on a visit to Chins, perhaps to get his parents' blessing on his union. It is not known whether the marriage will take place before his departure

or after his return. But ANNIE declares that she will be the celestial's bride, now or later, and there is an end of it.

No more dramatic scene can be imagine than that witnessed in Newark last evening. A madman held his wife by the heels hanging from a third-story window, and the woman, head downward and expecting to be dropped to death every instant, clung desperately to an infant in her arms and filled the air with shricks. Some men entered the house, and by instantaneous understanding wo of them crept softly behind the lunation and seized the woman's feet, while others struck down and secured the man. The woman was then carefully drawn back, still holding her infant, and both lives were saved. But it is feared that the shock has unsettled the poor woman's reason.

Canada has another refugee. W. A. SWART, the only banker in Roseland, a suburb of Chicago, has disappeared, with \$100,000 of the money of his neighbors, deposited with him in small sums for safekeeping. He left assets in his safe amounting to \$1.16. Swant is described as an insinuating young man, with a low, musical voice and religiously inclined. Hence the depositors are to blame for trusting him. Yet the case is a cruel one, and it is a pity the gentle-voiced thief cannot be caught and punished.

Mr. ROBERT J. HARRINS does not fancy being "shadowed" by a lawyer and a private detective. As he found his footsteps dogged wherever he went by Lawyer Louis STECKLER and p. d. JOHN L. GERVIN, he turned suddenly on his "shadows" and handed them over to a policeman. On a promise not to molest Mr. HASKINS again they were discharged by Justice O'Reilly.

The death of seven men in the Baltimore are yesterday is another proof of the heroic devotion of the firemen and of the danger they incur in the performance of their duty. The Fire Brigade of a large city deserves all honor and very substantial pay.

SEEN ON MARKET STANDS.

Smelts, 20 cents. Celery, 15 cents. Okra, 25 cents per 100. Crawfish, \$3.25 per 100. Cauliflower, 8 to 20 cents. Flounders, 8 cents a pound. Piums, 20 to 35 cents a dozen. Egg plant, 5 to 12 cents each. Grapes, 10 to 25 cents a pound. Bananas, 30 to 60 cents a dozen. Oranges, 30 to 50 cents a dozen. Lima beans, 25 cents a balf peck. Pears, 80 to 60 cents a dozen; \$1.50 to \$2 a banket. Peaches, 20 to 40 cents a dozen; 90 cents to \$1.50

POLITICAL GOSSIP.

Deputy County Clerk Thomas F. Gilroy has returned from a flying trip to Europe. He denies that he kissed the Blarney Stone. Ex-Register John Reilly is back from Saratoga.

and is prepared to marshal the Wigwam forces of the Fourteenth District. Ex-Alderman James Barker, of the Thirteenth District, is still being pressed for Sheriff by his

friends. He says he will run on the Tammany Hall ticket, union or no union, provided he gets the Reports at the Democratic National Headquar ters go to prove that Stephen B. Eikins has im-

ported colored voters into West Virginia from Virginia and Maryland. It is said that 5,000 colonized colored men are employed on Eikina's West Virginia road. State Senator Edward F. Rellly should feel proud

of Lavor Day. If it had not been for the Senator there would not have been a Labor Day. The Young Men's Democratic Club will have a meeting to-morrow evening at the Hoffman House, Judge Thurman will leave Columbus, O., tomorrow evening for this city. He will be accom-

anied by his son and a few personal friends. Preparations are still in progress for the great Thurman reception and mass meeting in Madison Square Garden, Thursday evening. Among those who will positively speak are Judge

Thurman, Gov. Hill, Gov. Gray, Gov. Green, Senator Voorhees, Senator Blackburn and Con-The Tammany Hall stand will be erected at the corner of Twenty-sixth street and Madison avenue, and the County Democracy orators will hold forth at Twenty-seventh street and Madison avenue.

Gen. Spinola's friends deny that he is out of the race for Congress. They say he would accept a united renomination; also that he might be a candidate on the straight Wigwam ticket. The Republican leaders declare that they will minate a stalwart Republican for Mayor. It is inderstood that Mr. Cornelius N. Bliss will not

Edward Mitchell is talked of for Mayor. Peter Mitchell is in England collecting labor etaistics. When he returns he will be loaded with figures to prove that high protection does not proect American workingmen.

flow his name to be used for the office. Lawyer

The betting is now \$100 to \$20 that Gov. Hill will be renominated. The Eric County delegates to the Democratic

State Convention are solid for the renomination of Gov. Hill. These delegates hall from the home of Grover Cleveland. A Tammany Hall leader said to-day: "We will not declare ourselves until we reach Buffalo. You

may bet, however, that we will be solid for David A prominent County Democracy man, who has een prophesying all along that Hill would not be renominated, said to-day: "It looks as if there would be no opposition to Gov. Hill's renomination. I have been surprised to find out that the

rural delegates so far elected are all for Hill." The Manhattan Club is preparing a reception to Judge Thurman. The members of the Manhattar want a chance to shake hands with the old Roman.

A Crists for a Quaker.

"Is it true, mamma," inquired a little girl, "that a Quaker never takes his hat off?" ' It is true, my dear." answered the fond nother, "it is a mark of respect which he thinks he should pay to no man." "But then thinks he should pay to no man." "But then tell me, mamma," answered the clever child. how does a Quaker manage when he goes to have his hair cut?"

The Same Man. " Come here, my little Eddy," said a gentleman to a youngster of seven years of age, while sitting in the parlor, where a large company was assembled, "do you know me?" 'Yes, sir, I think I do." "Who am I, then? Let me hear." "You are the man that kissed sister Angelina last night in the

Mr. E. D. FARRELL, the Bowery furniture manufacturer and dealer, who is a strong sympathiser with everything that leads to the amelioration and advancement of the workingman, has been in days gone by a stanch advocate of Labor Day. It is therefore almost unnecessary to state that his immense watercome and factorices are closed all day to-day, so that his employees may get the full benefit of the holiday.

cared to see right accomplished and wrong updone, the park has been given fully and entirely to those to whom it belongs.

Approaching the Park last Saturday even ing from Second avenue or any of the side streets which lead up to it, the unusual glitter of electric lights argued some change in the place. High up amidst the abundant foliage of the beautiful square, the blue-white fires flashed forth with a freshness that seemed to speak of their newness. Had the lamps had feeling and been conscious of the purpose for which they were lighted, they could not have shed a readier or more brilliant glow on the scene beneath them.

Welcome as was the opening of the park to the east side folk, and interesting as it was as a result that was obtained in the face of long usage to the contrary, the opening itself was carried out with no ceremonies. Nothing was done to show that it was an unusual thing. No measures were taken to signalize the fact. The only thing that occurred to mark the popular appreciation of what the opening meant to the hearts of thousands who dwell within reach of its advantages was the concourse of people in the park on Saturday evening. They poured into the lovely squares from 6 o'clock until 9.

There was something fitting in this, after all. Though it was a triumph to win what was withhold from them, and to carry the day by simple right, it seemed more becoming not to flaunt, as it were, any tokens of triumph. After insisting on getting what belonged to them, when at last it was handed over, the quiet acceptance of the same was the most dignified way in which the people could have entered into possession of what was their very own.

As the rays of the westering sun came brightly over the roofs and walls of the crowded streets, bathing the twin towers of St. George's immense church in a warm rosy light, and letting its parting beams fall in a warm farewell on the green sward of Stuyvesant Park, no guardian advanced to the iron gate where the legend still ran in red and gold which told of the sunset clos-ing of the park, and whistling to the people resting quietly within on its benches, or mov-ing leisurely about among its winding walks, called them forth that the gates might clang to and bar them out of this entraneing loveliness for the pleasantest hours of the even-ing. No such guardian of the peace made his appearance last Saturday evening. To use a trite phrase, which, however, is full of force in the present case, he was conspicuous

by his absence.

That was all that marked the opening of Stuyvesint Park, so far as any ceremony was concerned. Always hitherto as the sun sank concerned. Always hitherto as the sun sank to its setting the man appeared, his whistle or sharp call summoning the people to clear out was heard, the loitering steps of the women and children passed sadly and rejuctantly through the gate, and the iron barrier was slammed to and locked. Saturday no man appeared, there was no whistle, the persons who were enjoying the exquisite beauty of the park were allowed to continue their recreation undisturbed, and the iron gates were wide open and remained so till 10 o'clock. Stuyesant Park was open to the o'clock. Stuyvesant Park was open to the people and for the first time. But a visit to the two handsome squares

But a visit to the two handsome squares which look like nature's cloisier in the midst of busy streets and crowding dwellings could leave no doubt in any one's mind whether the people had availed themselves of the privilege that was extended to them or not. Nor could any doubt exist in the mind of any one who was there whether the men, women and children were enjoying themselves or not. It was something that could be seen, that one could not neip seeing on the happy faces of them ad. Each in their own way tasted the comfort and pleasure which the beautiful park was so capable of bestowing on them.

on them.

The men wore a quiet air of content and seemed satisfied with the world and with themselves. They sat at their ease on the benches, looking the picture of comfort in their patriarchal repose. Some of them were drawing consolation from their short pipes, finding this the best smoke in the day, when they could sit without any need of hurrying they could sit without any need of hurrying themselves and puff forth the blue wreaths of snoke, which went circling in little clouds, like incense, up among the branches of the trees. Oh, they enjoyed themselves! No doubt of it.

The women wore a still more evident look of happiness on their faces. Hard and worn and tun, oftentimes unlovely in feature, yet brightened by an expression of satisfaction, which comes so rarely to the poor, and which they task to the utpoot when it does every which comes so rarely to the poor, and which they taste to the utmost when it does come. They sat by their husbands' sides on the benches, or walked with them through the smooth paths which wind around the grounds. A rosy-cheeked little girl ran up to its mother for a moment when piay had brought her near. The mother gently patted the small head and tried to tuck back patted the small head and tried to tuck back the straggling locks that had fallen down over the pretty eyes. But it was useless. The child was too eager to get back to its companions to wait for any such little detail, and off she rushed with a laugh and in a moment more was romping with the others.

Here a delicate child sat by its mother and watched the play of the others with a sad wistful expression on her pale face. She was not strong enough to mingle in the healthy gambols of the other children, but it was a pleasure to at least sit there in the pretty park, so brilliantly lit up by the many electric lights that it looked like fairyland to eyes that were accustomed to areas and dingy walls, from whose fire-escapes mattresses and bed coverings and old clothes protruded in hideous ugliness.

Probably the children were the ones who Probably the children were the ones who enjoyed the park with the greatest intensity. It was a holiday for them to run about and play in such a beautiful spot. They scampered along the walks with the greatest glee. There were three or four children walking along with their hands joined, singing in the gladness of their young souls. A smile of application and passed over many a mother's face of

gladness of their young souls. A smile of approval passed along with their childish voices rising in song.

One small boy, seated on a small tricycle, navigated his way among the crowd as best could, but there were too many there to make this sort of thing very enjoyable, and so after a while he deserted his horse and joined the other little revellers who were on foot.

mense warerooms and factories are closed all day lodds, so that his employees may get the full conect of the holiday. *.*

Monell's Terrense Condit produces calm and healthful repose curing all stages of testhing. 25c. *.*

In confool.

The easterly park was somewhat more crowded than the westerly one. The reason was obvious. It lay nearest to those sections from which the majority of the people came the hot, close, tensment thouse region of

Avenue A and the others east of it. They came to the easterly park first and they settled right down there, seeing no reason why they should go further when they evidently could fare no better.

The lights worked perfectly. All were in position, according to contract, and when they were lighted, at about 6.45 they shed a rerulgent illumination on the Park, which left not a foot of it in darkness. Two policemen moved around in a perfuse cory way, for there was really nothing for them to do except to see the people enjoyed themselves. During the day one policeman cory sets both squares, but in the evening are not state good.natured crowd which gathered there last Saturday evening, the two policemen will be more than enough to look after things.

All through the evening people would drop into the park, and at 10 o'clock, when the hour had come for them to withdraw, the crowd disappeared in an orderiv, prompt way. The people had enjoyed themselves for three or four hours, and they returned to their poor homes, often so uncomfortable and brough each pair in turn.

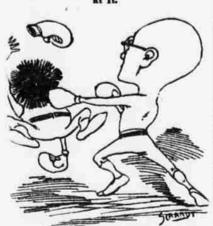
The park is at last open to the public in the evening, after a long term of years during which the iron gates had clanged to as the sun set. After months of a sturdy sting paths made a little Eden for them. The park has been opened with his most of green, which flowers, light and smooth, which was the chapsenies of the methed as the policy and they returned to their poor homes, often so uncomfortable and through each pair in turn.

The park has been opened with his most of green, which flowers, light and smooth, which was the chapsenies of the works of the woman wanted her was the chapsenies of the works of the woman wanted her was the chapsenies of the works of

as the sun set. After months of a sturdy siege, conducted by The Evening World as the champion of the rights of the people, and with the support of those who were to be benefited by the event, as well as of all who cared to see right accomplished and wrong to enjoy all this.

THE JOKERS' TOURNAMENT.

The Competitors for Honor and \$25 Still



DEAR SIR: In consequence of Having thrashed an impudent Yorker, I have kept my bed for the last two weeks, even now I have to write with my left hand, so please excuse bad spelling, this upstart tried to cut me out with our prettiest boarder, and as I am the biggest man of the two I thought it my duty to whip him, but after contemplating the property descended. ing his muscular development I was more than willing to let bygones be bygones. Over-jealous friends are to blame that this nagnan mous intention was not carried out.

had a bad attack of chills (there is malaria I had a bad attack of chils (there is mataria here, but we seidom mention it in our adver-tisements for boarders), but all other details of the interesting occasion are a blank to me (my memory was always poor), perhaps this lapse of memory will be of interest to our men of science. Brown said my victim was the best scienced man he ever saw. lapse of memory will be of interest to our men of science. Brown said my victim was the best scienced man he ever saw.

Squakusset, Aug. 31. Silas Sweetcoen.

Will Be a Nervy Man. His mother being absent from the from, Tommy thought be would help himself to some jam. His mother happened to return, and, catching him in the act, she angrily ex-

claimed:
"You young rascal, I'll give it to you!"
To which he unconcernedly replied:
"Please do, ma; I can't reach it myself."
J. W. LEBMAN, 11 St. Mark's place.

How She Discovered It.

On the horse-car. Mrs. A.—So you don't go out of town this summer? Mrs. B.—To tell you the truth we shall stay at home this season; but how did you find it out? Mrs. A.—Oh. I walked past your house yesterday, and I noticed that all the blinds were closed and the front door boarded up.

J. STEINDLER.

F. B. is noted for his incessant chattering. He had the misfortune to take an order for provisions on the telephone, and the man getting lower and lower in giving his order, getting lower and lower and P. B. shouted out:

B. Say, what do you think I am?"!

Back came the calm answer, "One tongue, and that is ail."

J. McCarthy, and that is ail."

556 Quincy street, Brooklyn. Broadway.

New York Ah ad as Usual.

My employer went uptown last night to see a friend from Providence. Their conversa-tion drifted on different topics, till it came to the improvement of the Fire Departm "The Providence Fire Department is way ahead of the New York Fire Department in the way of improvement," said his Provi-dence (riend.

dence friend.

"How so?" inquired my employer.

"Well." began his Providence friend. "in the Providence Fire Department they have a mattress that, when the fire gong rings, throws the firemen to the poles on which they slide down."

"Well." said my employer, "in New York the firemen jump off the mattress before it has a chance to throw them."

I-ADORE KLEIN. 658 Broadway, city, care I. Hynes,

The Way It Works. A little fellow once observed, in reference to stepfathers: "I do not like those new papas; they whip the old papa's children."

Ultra Refined.



Mrs. Beresford (who has rested her pet on the lobster barrel while making her purcha me that dogs are not aristocratic! Wh can't bear even the smell of a market.

Pure Blood

Is absolutely necessary in order to have perfect health Hood's Sarsaparills is the great blood purifier, quickly conquering scrofuls, salt rheum, and all other insidious enemies which attack the blood and undermine the health. It also builds up the whole system, curse dyspepis and sick headsche, and overcomes that tired feeling. 'I have been troubled by a scrofulous affection all my life. It is one of the marked recollections of my boyhood days, and for several years has rendered me unable to labor much. I think Hood's Sarssparills, which I have been using at intervals for ten years, is the best thing ! bern using as interests that now 60, and my general bealth are ever taken. I am now 60, and my general bealth seems better than ever."

H. D. ARBOTT,
Warren, N. H.

"I have taken two bottles of Hood's Saresperilla for salt rheam and dyspepsia, with which I was troubled very much. After taking this medicine I am feeling as well as ever in my life." G. W. Rozz, Potteville, Pa. N. B .- If you want a good medicine, get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

to the woman until she picked up a few pairs of spectacles and began to stare around through each pair in turn.

Then the man stood himself on his feet and wanted to know if the woman wanted her eyes fitted to a pair, and if so, would she just try that pair and not hold The World so far away nor quite so close.

The woman was small, but she screwed herself up to the highest notch, turned up her hose and bulged out her eyes in a startling manner and looked, for all the earth, as if she was going to belch forth "Peek a Boo" in the best Third avenue style.

The proprieeor of the stand was so stunned that all he could say was 'Look out for those glasses!" and she took them off.

Another pair was brought into requisition, and the woman silenily played "Peek a Boo" with the plain lettering of the paper through these for a while. But the glasses were rot right, nor were the next, nor the next, nor the next yet. The sixth pair proved the right thing, and the prospective yet doubtful salesman observed:

"Now, do you want to buy that pair?"

"Well, I don't exactly know," spoke the woman, in a very squeaky voice.

"Don't you want to buy?"

"I am afraid not."

"You don't want any?"

"I don't think I do."

"Then why didn't you say so when you began, you—you—oh, you most internal

"Then why didn't you say so when you began, you—you—oh, you most infernal thing! That's the second time to day I have

thing! That's the second time to-day I have been fooled by a woman, and, by the blank-ey-blank-blank, it will be the last in my natural life.

"These women never want to buy anything. Now, if she had been a man I would have been rid of another pair of glrsses. Oh, what cheek they've got! But I will be even with them yet; you see if I am not."

The reporter left the scene in the inidst of a flow of the most emphatic expletives he ever heard.

A Strong Hint That Ben Franklin's Status

Needs a Washing. The statue of Ben Franklin in Printing-House Square really ought to be bronzed anew or whitewashed, or at least washed. The dear old boy looks as if he had taken just one cocktail too much, with the result of a stomach more disturbed than his head. He

stomach more disturbed than his head. He looks as if he might be getting off this "Poor Rich ard" aphorism to his housekeeper:

"One cocktail too many is the loss of the cocktails that have gone before."

The old lady would evidently have said:
"Oh, Mr. Franklin, how could you ever do such a thing? Keep perfectly still, and I will get a towel and some water. Wou dn't would like some cracked ice for your head?"
Benjamin still cluster to his hearingty hu would like some cracked ice for your head?"

Benjamin still clings to his benignity, but this is because he didn't carry that in his stomach. It is really a shame to leave the bald old boy so publicly exposed when his clothes are in such a dreadful condition. Besides, it hurts the lemonade business that is carried on at the base of the statue if one has got the slightest sensitiveness in his stomach. It is of no use for Ben to cling to the Philadelphia newspaper and try to bluff the people by pretending it was something in the paper.

paper.

Oh, no, Ben. If you were not a Philadelphian—one of the Philadelphiest of them all—it would be easy enough to think that one of the local papers had turned your stomach. But you were, and we all think it was that lest coektail.

isst cocktail.

So wash the dear old boy and tidy him up, so he can wear his philosophic calm with a better grace. A Lovable Little Uptown Girl and Scantily

Farred White Kitten. Almost any pleasant evening a little girl and a white cat, the former about six years old, may be seen strolling leisurely on Forty. third street, between Sixth avenue and

It is a novel and pleasing sight. The little miss, dressed in white, looks as if she had just popped up out of a bandbox, and as she promenades up and down the street she acknowledges the salutes of the people she passes by shaking her rebellious little curls and smiling sweetly.

The cat is a queer-looking thing. It's back is bald, undoubtedly the effects of hot water, and the rest of its body is covered with very

while hairs.

The little girl does not need a string attached to the cat's blue ribbon, for it follows at her side wherever she goes, like a tiny dog. If any one passes the par on the sidewalk the cat will jump into a corner out of reach. and when the stranger has passed it will come out again and hurry to get beside its

the people living on the north side of the street are very much in love with the attractive pair, and never fail to go to their front doors and throw kisses and say nice things to the little girl.

Running from a Bamboo Cane Story to "Jo-Jo'a" First Week.

A curious-looking cane can be seen in the window of a store on the lower Bowery, It is a bamboo stick, and is beautifully carved and inlaid with pearls, ivory, gold and silver. It was presented to Nathan Morris, the ex-museum manager, by Tom Harper, the one-legged gymnast. Morris was

given the stick when Harper returned from China, where he travelled with a circus, Morris formerly kept a dime museum up on the Bowery, but while he was conducting a beauty show, one of the girls fell off the platform and threatened him with a suit for \$10,000 damages. He then gave up the show business and went into the jewelry trade, or business and went into the jewelry trade, or at least his wife did, for the store is con-ducted in her name. He was the first man to exhibit "Jo-Jo"

in America, and says that this curiosity cost him \$655 the first week he was here—\$500 salary and \$165 for a "blow-out," as he puts it, at the Astor House.

He also has an old violin that was made in 1783 and used by Sig. Jose Kapilanus. The instrument is valued at \$150.

Ordering Fresh-Minted Ponnies for Change at a Restaurant.

There is a little restaurant downtown where pies, hot cakes, rolls and so forth are distributed at moderate rates, while bones of spiritual comfort in the shape of Scripture texts hung on the walls are to be had for nothing. An Evening World reporter coming out of there, one day, saw a dozen piles of crais, five in each pile, on the cashler's deak. His attention was attracted by the brand new sir they had, and he saked the cashier how he came by so many new cents.

"We ordered a hundred dollars worth from the Mint in Philadelphia. We didn't have change enough. Ten-cent pieces are the only coin there is an abundance of. People like to get these pennies because they are coined this year."

" How long will they last you?"

"Oh, about a week or so."

Just outside the door the restaurant runs a small dairy. Sweet milk and buttermilk are dispensed at three and five cents a glass re-spectively. Some pennies come in here. The

dairyman sells about a thousand glasses a day if it is warm. The restaurant is near the papers, and everybody knows that journalists have a perfect passion for milk as a bev-

It : Was Found that Escaping Steam Had

Killed the Trees. During the early part of the summer it was noticed that four trees which lined the south

side of City Hall Park were dying. The cause was not known definitely, but it was supposed to result from a leakage in the

gas-pipes which were laid in the street near the curb. One of the trees was about 8 inches in diameter and last year was arrayed with an abundant foliage. The other three were small. But all four were cut down and their

roots dug up.
When the trees were removed the true cause of their death was found to be the steam which escaped through a break in the Steam-Heating Company's pipes and found its way under the ground to the roots of the

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.

Forewarned is Forenamed. [From Texas S(fringe.] ISTAGE ENTRA



Impecuations Thereign-Say, Brutus, do you hink you can guff us fellows with those timeables sticking out of your pockets? We all know you walked the entire distance from Oshkosh! Buttos.—You do me a great wrony, gentlemen, prithee. Those time-tables are merely a guide for me to know when the express comes along, in order that I may betake myself from the track in time for safety.

Preparing for a Raid.

[From the Curioon.]
Little Bobby (to his big brother)—Will you please give me a pair of your summer trousers when you're done with 'em, Charley? Charley—Yes, of course: but 'you want of them, Bobby? Bobby—I was thinking if I tied you want of them, Bobby 7
Bobby—I was thinking if I tied the ends of 'em
up and hung 'em by the chimney how I could just
scoop old Santa Claus next Christmas!

Never Heard Ot. [From the Weshington Critic.] mate," said Mr. Brown to his wife. "How do you mean?" she inquired.
"Why, you always hear of the fall of Babylot and never a word about its spring, or winter or

Then he dove into the paper again and was still.



has just been beaten by three aces against a bobtail flush)—I aint a goin' ter play no more game where seven, nine, eight, ten an' a lady card, thirty-four an' one ter spare is bested by three measily ones, an' two cards yer didn't show up!

Exceptions to the Rule. "Brains will tell," said a talkative dude to an

old gent.
'Yes," was the reply; "some kinds will, but
the genuine article knows how to keep its mouth

Taking Notes. [From the Burlington Free Press.]
Farmer (to hired man—Seems to me you spend good share of your time sitting on the fence.

Hired Man—Yes: I have done something in the
literary line, and am collecing material for a bool
to be entitled "Life on the Rail."

One of Its Peculiarities. [From Pitisburg Chronicle.] Judge.
"Ah!" replied the Major, tentatively.
"Yes, it is frequently put out."

Retrogressive Egotlam. [From the Chicago News.]
At fifteen it was "I." The world to me Conveyed no meaning of immensity. At twenty-one my scorn enough uncuri'd To condescend to say: "I and the world," At thirty-five I changed, I know not why, My mode of speech into "The world and I." At sixty-odd, with straggling locks of gray, Alone, "The world," I am content to say.

Summer-night's festival of the Central Tu-erein of the State of New York at Washington ark this, Monday, evening, Sept. 8.

Common Sense

In the treatment of slight ailments would save a vast amount of sickness and misery. One of Ayer's Pills, taken after dinner, will assist Digestion; taken at night, will relieve Constipation; taken at any time, will correct irregularities of the Stomach and Bowels, stimulate the Liver, and cure Sick Headache. Ayer's Pills, as all know who use them, are a mild cathartic, pleasant to take, and always prompt and satisfactory in their results. "I can recommend Ayer's Pills above all others, having long proved their value as a

Cathartic

for myself and family."-J. T. Hess, "Aver's Pills have been in use in my family upwards of twenty years, and have completely verified all that is claimed for them."—Thomas F. Adams, San Diego, Texas.

"I have used Aver's Pills in my fantily for seven or eight years. Whenever I have an attack of headache, to which I I have an attack of headache, to which I am very subject. I take a dose of Ayer's Pills and am always promptly relieved. I find them equally beneficial in colds; and, in my family, they are used for bilious complaints and other disturbances with such good effect that we rarely, if ever, have to call a physician."—
H. Voulliemé, Hotel Voulliemé, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Ayer's Pills. PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

A DRIVER WHOSE HEAD-TIMING WAS SURE AS A STOP-WATCH.

Another Lesson for Betters Who Throw Tickets Away-A Note on Futurity Tracks-Jimmy McLaughlin's Riding on Saturday-Stray News on Men of the Ring and an Uptown Teacher of Boxing

Mr. Nathau Strauss, called "Sooner" Strauss to distinguish him from Mr. "Majol. ica" Straus, has some wonderful powers timing race-horses. His exhibitions of timing ability given recently quite throw in the shade some of the fabulous tales of jockey judgment of pace. Sitting in the Hoffman House at a table at which were Mr. E. J. (Lucky) Baldwin and the writer, Mr. Strauss, starting at the reporter's call of "Go," told off ten, twenty and thirty seconds, one min. ute and two minutes with almost incredible accuracy. The reporter stopped the split second of his watch every time the horseman called the time he thought he had been counting, and twice he was exactly right as to the ten seconds, twenty seconds and half minute. He was twice within a half second of calling the minute, once within three-eighths of a second of the minute and once he called it but an eighth of a second too mickly.

Mr. "Lucky" Baldwin tried to call a minute, as Mr. Strauss did, but the watch had run sixty-nine seconds when he gave the word to split.

Mr. Strauss's greatest achievement in this line is driving a horse to any required figure, within the animal's power, of course. The other day he beat Mr. Cohnfeld at Fleetwood in a wager of a dinner for all hands that he could drive a cortain trotter a mile within three seconds, one way or the other, of three minutes—2.57 or 3.03 to win. The mile was driven, without the aid of any artificial timing apparatus of any kind, in 2.59%.

Getting the counting down fine so as to tell one minute or two or five Mr. Stranssays is simplicity itself compared with timing and judging the pace of horses in actual speeding, so as to drive him a quarter, half or full mile in the requisite time. The reporter visited Fleetwood with Mr. Strauss, and saw more sport than the old place is supposed to hold.

In less than ten minutes Mr. Strauss had wagered a driver he could drive his bay gelding Emerald a mile to top-road wagen within two seconds of 2.45. Eleven split seconds were held on him as he came under the wire for the word. At the finish three "clocks" said 2.47, one said 2.47% and two more 2.46%. Mr. Strauss called up from the track before any one could possibly have communicated with him: "I think I made it in 2.46%."

Then a well-known horseman said it was very simple, and he could do even better. When it came to betting the wine and cigars though, he got down to a bet that he could drive, holding his stop-watch in his hand, a horse to top road wagon a mile, no stopping or walking allowed, within five seconds of five minutes.

For success he should have scheduled his quarter miles in his mind before starting and made each post in as near the time he had rated it as possible. He made each quarter way too fast, and tried by weaving from one side of the track to the other to all time in the homestretch. He was cock-sure he had won cross ng the line, but Mr. Chester, Mr. Coe and The Evening Would man, the time-keepers, agreed that the time was 4.54, just a second too fast.

A big downtown dry-goods man tried all-tle later to drive his 2.50 horse a mile within two and a half seconds of three minutes, net carrying a watch. He, too, lost. Time— 3.06%.

Lucky Baldwin says Laredo would have run in the Minch race at Sheepshead Bay on Saturday but for getting lost coming from Brooklyn, just as he supposed Perkins did. Mr. Baldwin's fancy to-day is Proctor Knots.

Mr. Baldwin's fancy to-day is Proctor Knott.

Bettors who threw away straight tickets on Eurus or place tickets on Badge at Sheephesd on Saturday have cause to remember the advice printed in this column during the summer meeting at Monmouth. Always retain your tickets till next day.

Hundreds of dollars' worth of tickets were destroyed on the race in which no mutuslickets on Exile were sold, and hundreds of bettors denounce the stupid, frandulent declaring of the book bets off in the race in which Perkins failed to start.

Jimmy McLaughlin's three winning mounts on Saturday at Sheepshead make it probable there is little the matter with him or his riding. Little Minch, Judge Murray and Elgin.

Johnny Reagan ought to tackle Denny Costigan if he is over-anxious to give Demp-sey a beating. If frolicsome Denny would get in fix he would keep the flics off better men than keagan.

The reporters' stands at the big race meetings should be modelled somewhat after the one at the Brighton Beach track. The places where the newspaper men have to sit and do their work are barbarities at Monmouth. Sheepshead and Brooklyn. At Jerome Park the reporters' stands are an outrage. To these big tracks get thousands of dollars worth of deadhead advertising every year. In England, even the publication of the entries has to be paid for.

"Actual practice" is what a certain up-town boxing teacher calls giving pupils a "steader." He says it sometimes comes to the point that a teacher must be feared or de-spised, and it doesn't do to be ded, and it doesn't do to be . . .

The attempt to be English and have a straight Futurity course is another piece of botchwork about on a par with the Sheepshead Bay management of last Saturday's racing. The best tracks in England are formed like the capital letter J. The Futurity course at the Coney Island Jockey Club's course precludes even a glimpse of the start, and just where it will aid "true" running for two-ycar-olds with that clumsy angle in it is a puzzle. The magicians and sages who planned this track were evidently trying to imitate Tottenham corner.

Odds were offered last night that there will not be over fourteen starters in to-day's big

Tremble, Sixth Precinct Crooks! Young Capt. McCullagh arrived on the Sertia this morning and went to the Elizabeth arrest station-house soon after landing.

The Captain looks as brown as a berry and his six weeks tour through Ireland has added a few additional pounds of flesh to his well-built frame.

A call has been issued by Chas. G. F. Wank, jr., Solon Berrick, Esward Kais Hoven, Victor J. Dowling and others for the purpose of organizing a Cleveland and Thorman Club of professions men. The club will meet for organization to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock in room 4, & Union square. A special meeting of the Young Men's Democratic Club will be field in the basques hall of the Hoffman House to-morrow evening at 5 o'clock, for the purpose of making arrangements for the reception of Allen G. Thorman, and for seal other business as may come before the meeting. Notes of the Campaign.

A Philanthropist.

"Bobby, what does your father do for a living?" He's a philanthropist, sir." what?" "A philanthropist, sir; he collects money for Central Africa, and builds house out of the proceeds."